News and Comment About the New Plays

The Belasco Dramatists and the Magician's Mystery Play

Some After Thoughts on Mr. Osborne's 'Shore Leave' and Crane Wilbur's 'The Monster'—The Prospects of the Cooperative Theaters.

By LAWRENCE REAMER.

THE audience that welcomed "Shore Leave" at the Lyceum Theater appeared not long after the comedy was under way to have something on its mind. It had more, for instance, than the mere enjoyment of Miss Starr's exquisite acting in a new milieu, more than admiration for the skillful manner in which David Belasco had made this little fable of maritime life actually palpitate and throb with vitality, more indeed than delight in James Rennie's charming portrayal of the reckless young sailor to occupy its thoughts.

There were such familiar artists there as Blanche Bates, who watched the progress of the play to complete success with intense interest. More than one well known manager was present. They displayed perhaps greater concern than anybody else with what was taking place on the stage. In the mind of every experienced observer of the three acts one thought was always uppermost.

It did not demand any gift of clairvoyance to realize that they were all wondering what manager in the world would ever have accepted such a manuscript as "Shore Leave" must have been in its original form, and then having taken hold of such slight material as Mr. Osborne had supplied could convert it into such a novel and refreshing bit of drama.

Nobody could even now seriously contend that "Shore Leave" is an important bit of stage writing. It possesses, however, the tang of life in a seaside town, and its action is picturesque in its high spots and tenderly sentimental in the episodes of the heroine's love affair. The psychology of the "gob" is presented faithfully enough for stage purposes. These qualities nowadays go well toward the making of a play for which the public ought to be grateful.

The Way of David Belasco.

Some of the spectators at this first presentation of Mr. Osborne's play had "assisted" at similar Belasco functions in the past. All of these knew that the same wonder had crept into their minds before. They recalled "The Governor's Lady," which might have been a long continued success but for the simultaneous use of the same theme by several playwrights, so that the public was soon fed up on the man of affairs who outgrew his wife and wanted a younger one to add brilliancy to his home. The author of that drama was Lillian Bradley, who is distinctly one of the simon pure Belasco dramatists, since no other work has ever come from her pen.

"Daddies" enjoyed uncommon popularity, although it is just as difficult now to recall any play written by John Hobble before that success as since that time. Yet the work of a man who wrote a play that continued prosperous during two years ought to have been in demand by all the managers. The author of "Daddies" was altogether a Belasco playwright and the other managers knew it. These writers, limited as their success may be, are in good company. It must be borne in mind that Henri Bernstein, Edward Knoblock, Sacha Guitry, and this year William Shakespeare, as well as the undivulged number of well known foreign playwrights whose works are acquired and then for one reason or another passed on to other managers are also to be included in the list of playwrights selected by this manager.

With "The Woman," which was credited on the program to an idea of Cecil de Mille, Mr. Belasco announced that he was going to try a new way of acquiring the plays he needed. He was going to buy ideas and not dramas when there seemed to him the kernel of a success in a playwright's theme. Evidently the plan did not work out, as no subsequent work was described as the result of such a process. Or it may be that he is still pursuing the same method, since some of his dramatists seem so completely his own creation.

Maybe Mr. Osborne will keep right on and pile up success after success as the result of his "own unaided efforts," as the suspicious pedagogues used to make the boys write on their examination papers. More power to him, but that does not weaken the evidence of "Shore Leave" that he is to-day one of the Belasco playwrights.

"The Monster's" Second Act.

The second act of Crane Wilbur's "The Monster" provokes as much interest in the minds of the audience as the divulgence of a magician's preparations for a "see aunts," as the medium in W. D. Howells's "The Undiscovered Country" was in the habit of calling an exhibition of her hocus-pocus. There are to be sure no heavily embroidered flounces of velvet about the tables and no Oriental draperies are pendent in convenient spaces on the walls. But there are equally suspicious paraphernalia to suggest the chills to come.

Over a bed at the rear of the room there is a canopy of tufted satin, sky blue in tint. Obviously its purpose is not the innocent protection of the sleeper beneath. Nearer the front of the stage is a stuffed divan so rigid in outline as to intimate unmistakably its purpose in keeping up the houp-la when that shall become necessary. In a corner is a stiff bench covered with a drapery under which the hero is destined ultimately to rest. It is only when one of the characters seeks sleep on these phony bits of furniture that their modus operandi becomes apparent.

Slowly the tufted canopy descends to suffocate the heroine once she is on the bed. The hero falls immediately into some subterranean prison once he has been stretched on the bench. The last resort of the harassed maiden is the divan, and as the curtain falls she is seen clasped in the black arms of the host's dumb servant. This elaborate decoration has exactly the same effect on the spectator that all the mechanism of the prestigitateur arouses. Whatever its power to excite may be, one is impressed that he had to take a dickens of a lot of apparatus to do it all.

Just as the magician accomplishes his effects more impressively when he is wearing a dinner coat or even a so-called swallow tail than when he is swathed in Japanese garments, so does the mystery play mystify most completely when its means are simplest. The author who relies on such complicated trappings must, like the magician, suffer from the knowledge that it took a lot of machinery to bring about what he was trying to do. The audience is moreover likely to bear his strenuous efforts in mind.

Plays for Cooperative Theater.

A correspondent writes to inquire how the numerous cooperative theaters mentioned here last week propose to find the plays that will carry them through the season when dramas that appeal to the public for any length of time are so rare even when there is managerial capital back of them. Already the Equity Players have voiced their disappointment over the limited number of available works that have come to them.

The supply of dramas worth the investment of time and capital are of course the principal problem of the manager to-day. When Charles Frohman founded the Repertory Theater in London, to which Barrie, Pinero, Shaw and Galsworthy contributed their works, it was with the hope that the institution might bring forth new plays, of which he felt the constant need. Probably that experiment ultimately contributed something to the theater, although it took some years before the dramas acted there were taken for use over here. It is true that these pieces were better suited in the majority of cases to the needs of a cooperative theater than a commercial institution.

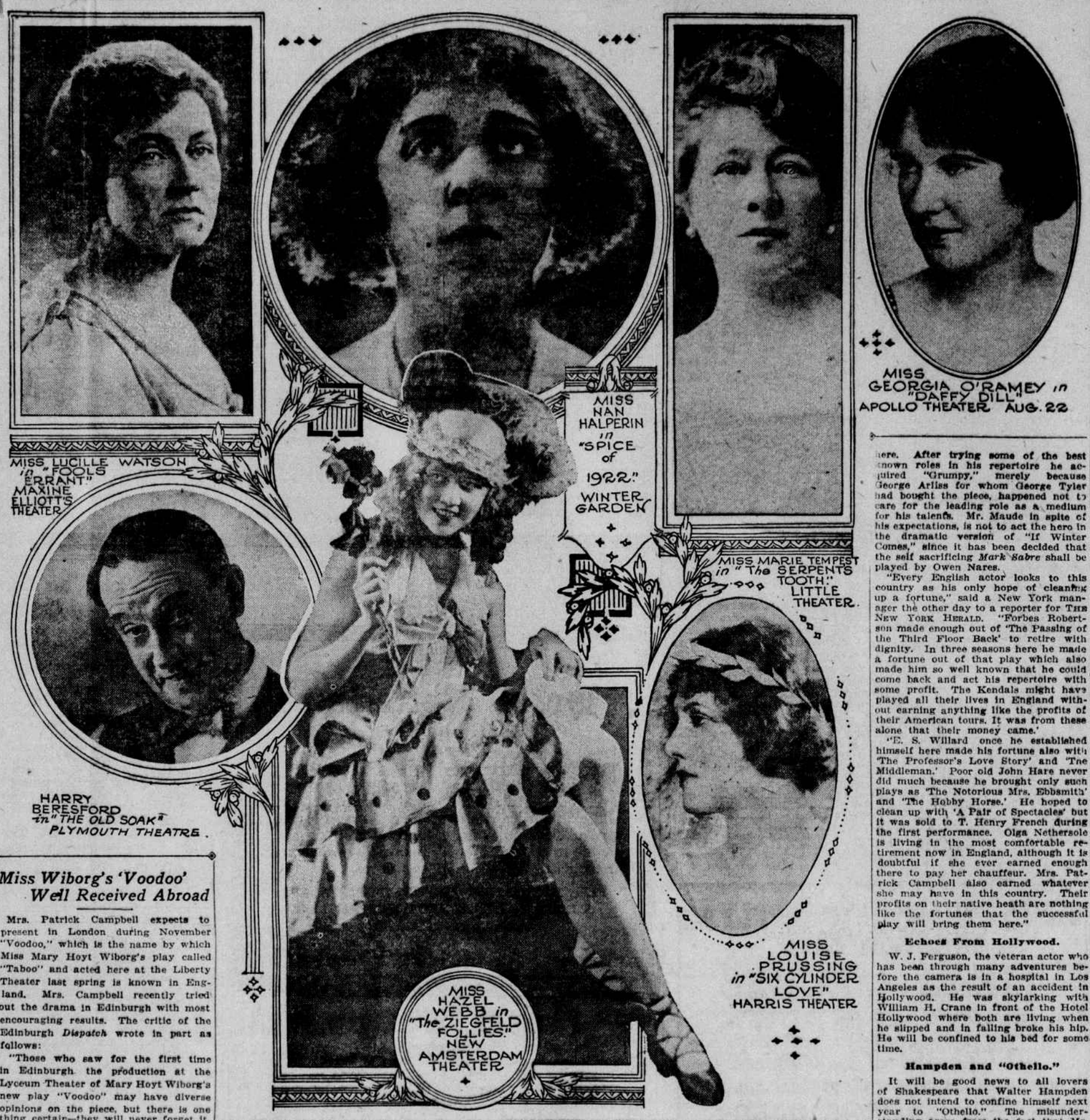
There are of course well known plays which have for some reason escaped production here. Granville Barker's "The Voysey Inheritance," is one of those of which much has been heard and nothing seen. The drama is well worth a production, especially when artistic results rather than great profits are the object of an organization.

Equally well known and equally invisible so far as the eye is Andrieff's "The Cherry Orchard." The theater of Ludwig Thoma, notably "Moral," and Frank Wedekind ought to furnish material, and to such Austrians as Schnitzler and Baer, the directors could turn in the certainty of finding something worth while.

Plays to Repay a Trial.

There are still plays by Benavente and his compatriots which would repay a trial. So far the theater of Strindberg has failed to make any appeal to the American public. Yet the few spectators of "The Dance of Death" as it was acted for its subscribers by the Theater Guild have not fotgotten what a powerful study it was of the unhappiness of a man and wife who could not separate. Then the Hungarian theater is fertile.

It must be kept in mind that there is not in this suggestion of well known plays any material for the needs of a commercial theater. Observers are likely to conclude because a drama has kept itself for a more or less extended period on the stage of a cooperative theater that it might enjoy the same fate in a commercial playhouse. This is rarely true. In spite of their recent tendency to employ the most popular talents in the leading roles of their plays, these independent organizations are often able to secure their less important actors for small salaries. It is said that for experience many of them are willing to play without any compensation. In other ways the expense of production in the enterprises of these organizations is much less than under other conditions. A play that might appear to have achieved a really notable run under such circumstances has often been able to survive at weekly receipts that would bankrupt the commercial manager.



Miss Wiborg's 'Voodoo' Well Received Abroad

Mrs. Patrick Campbell expects to present in London during November "Voodoo," which is the name by which Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg's play called "Taboo" and acted here at the Liberty Theater last spring is known in England. Mrs. Campbell recently tried out the drama in Edinburgh with most encouraging results. The critic of the Edinburgh *Dispatch* wrote in part as follows:

"Those who saw for the first time in Edinburgh the production at the Lyceum Theater of Mary Hoyt Wiborg's new play "Voodoo" may have diverse opinions on the piece, but there is one thing certain—they will never forget it. Not so much on account of the way it was presented—and that was on the tip of excellence—but because of the weird, original and fascinating character of the work.

"At first thought one would not suppose that a play founded on fetichistic superstition of African negroes, acted for a great part by negroes, and mystical to a degree would make a powerful appeal to a city audience of the twentieth century. And so it might appear from the opening scenes. But as the play unfolds itself and discloses a remarkable strength in the primitive pasions—fear, horror, pity, sympathy, devotion, love—one sees that something more than the merely sensational has been conceived and that something little short of genius has gone to the writing of the play. There is an atmosphere of poetry about the composition which sets aside all suspicion of the spectacular and crude realism. The play, whatever its outward circumstance may be, is a drama of human life and emotion."

Another criticism of the Edinburgh production refers to "Voodoo" as a play which contains much good work and in which the realism is vivid but not overdone. Miss Wiborg was brought on the stage by Mrs. Campbell when the enthusiastic audience demanded a speech from both the author and the actress who had played the leading part.

Broke Into the Movies Minus Money or Friends

Miss Claire Windsor, who appears in "Rich Men's Wives" at the Capitol this week, arrived in Hollywood about three years ago without any experience on the screen, totally unknown and with little money. Casting directors, however, were quick to appreciate her grace and personality and her first day at a studio won her a small part as an extra. Not long after, Allan Dwan noticed her ability and placed her under contract to play parts in his stock company.

One noon Miss Windsor was lunching in the studio cafeteria when Lois Weber, the famous woman producer, saw her cross the room with a tray in her hand. Miss Weber believing her a waitress in the place asked her how she would like to try her luck in a Lois Weber production about to be cast. Miss Windsor told her nothing of her previous experience, but nevertheless was given a rather prominent part. She scored such a triumph when the picture was released that her reputation was made.

Although she has not affiliated herself with any one company, she has played the leading feminine role in half a dozen feature pictures.

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY'S SEASON.

The twentieth anniversary season of the Russian Symphony Orchestra will begin under the leadership of Modest Altschuler, conductor, on Monday, September 25, at Charlotte, N. C., where a music festival will be held for two weeks in connection with the Carolinas Exposition. During the two weeks the orchestra will give daily concerts with prominent soloists. Following this engagement the orchestra will tour the Southern States, appearing at the leading State universities and colleges.

Did You Hear - - - - - ?

That Maude Adams Has No Plans for Returning to the Stage This Season and That Cyril Maude Has a New Play to Try Out Here?

By LUCIEN CLEVES.

ALTHOUGH plans for the present theater season are all but settled in the offices of the managers, there is no arrangement for the return of Maude Adams to the stage. Miss Adams is spending most of her time now in her cottage at Onteora, although she occasionally pays a visit to the works of the General Electric Company at Schenectady. Her interest in investigation problems of lighting for the cinema as well as the stage has not abated. It continues so strong indeed that she cannot be persuaded to devote her thoughts to the stage. Only one thing is settled so far as her future career is concerned. When she does act again it will be under the management of A. L. Erlanger to whom she has confided her artistic and business interests.

History of a Play.

Sometimes the history of a play is more interesting than the work itself. This may not be true of Edward Locke's "The Woman Who Laughed," but the career of that work is nevertheless not without some characteristic details. Two men in the theater business but by no means well known brought the work to Sam Harris, who was sufficiently impressed by the novelty of the work to produce it last spring under the title, "My Lady's Lips."

On seeing the play Mr. Harris's confidence faded away and he decided not to continue its performances. The original believers in the work bought back his interest, which he was quite ready to sell. It was found possible to mount the play at the Longacre, and Mr. Harris once more recovered sufficient faith in the work to buy back his original share in what has now been called "The Woman Who Laughed."

No less known an impresario than Lee Shubert also invested in the enterprise, as he felt that the novelty of the theme and its unusual manner of presentation might interest the public. It was in that way that the new play reached the stage of the Longacre on Wednesday. Mr Locke, by the way, says that he is the author of the work, which owes its inspiration to no foreign source.

Emma Calve's Memory.

Mme. Emma Calve, in her interesting reminiscences now appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* tells of a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at the Metropolitan Opera House in which another tenor was called in to take the place of Thomas Salignac, who was too hoarse to appear as *Turiddu*. Mme. Calve says that she discovered to her horror on making her entrance that the man was a hunchback.

A snicker from the audience as they stood side by side excited her nerves to such a degree that she was on the point of rushing from the stage whatever the consequences might be rather than make herself ridiculous. But she caught such a look of apprehension and anguish in the little man's eyes that out of compassion she could not mortify him further. So she took a seat during their opening interview duet that the contrast between their stature might be less. Ultimately the performance reached its end in a satisfactory manner.

Now the tenor, whose name Mme. Calve does not mention, was not a dwarf. He was extremely short and very fat, but he had sung on the same stage with Adelina Patti before he was placed opposite Mme. Calve. In spite of his shortness he could see no inconsistency in singing in "William Tell" with Jean Lasalle and Edouard de Reszke, and he spent much of his time trying to persuade Maurice Grau to revive Rossini's work with him in the leading role.

His appearance with Mme. Calve was his last at the Metropolitan. He sang occasionally out of town and in concert and ultimately rendered operatic arias in a restaurant on Bryant Park. He was the hero of the story about the wife of another tenor at the opera house, who heard a voice, locked up and saw this once well known artist among the musicians on the platform. She burst into tears at the thought of an artist in such surroundings. But it is not recorded that she failed to finish her dinner after her emotions were under control.

Making the Money Here.

Cyril Maude is still looking for a successor to "Grumpy" in order that he may return to the United States. He knows better than most visiting actors how useless it is to return here without material, as his search for a popular play proved to him on his first visit here. After trying some of the best known roles in his repertoire he acquired "Grumpy," merely because George Arliss for whom George Tyler had bought the piece, happened not to care for the leading role as a medium for his talents. Mr. Maude in spite of his expectations, is not to act the hero in the dramatic version of "If Winter Comes," since it has been decided that the self sacrificing *Mark Sabre* shall be played by Owen Nares.

"Every English actor looks to this country as his only hope of cleaning up a fortune," said a New York manager the other day to a reporter for THE NEW YORK HERALD. "Forbes Robertson made enough out of 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back' to retire with dignity. In three seasons here he made a fortune out of that play which also made him so well known that he could come back and act his repertoire with some profit. The Kendals might have played all their lives in England without earning anything like the profits of their American tours. It was from these alone that their money came.'

"E. S. Willard once he established himself here made his fortune also with 'The Professor's Love Story' and 'The Middleman.' Poor old John Hare never did much because he brought only such plays as 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' and 'The Hobby Horse.' He hoped to clean up with 'A Pair of Spectacles' but it was sold to T. Henry French during the first performance. Olga Nethersole is living in the most comfortable retirement now in England, although it is doubtful if she ever earned enough there to pay her chauffeur. Mrs. Patrick Campbell also earned whatever she may have in this country. Their profits on their native heath are nothing like the fortunes that the successful play will bring them here."

Echoes From Hollywood.

W. J. Ferguson, the veteran actor who has been through many adventures before the camera is in a hospital in Los Angeles as the result of an accident in Hollywood. He was skylarking with William H. Crane in front of the Hotel Hollywood where both are living when he slipped and in falling broke his hip. He will be confined to his bed for some time.

Hampden and "Othello."

It will be good news to all lovers of Shakespeare that Walter Hampden does not intend to confine himself next year to "Othello." The misunderstanding arose from the fact that Mr. Hampden will extend his repertoire by no other new role. But "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice will be seen again. His new modern play will be A. E. Thomas's "The Black Flag," which happens to be the title of an old melodrama which Edwin Thorn, brother of the more famous Charles of the same name, once played here.

"During the last hundred years six actors won lasting renown for their portrait of the Moor of Venice," said Mr. Hampden. "They were Edmund Kean, Tomasso Salvini, Edwin Forrest, John McCullough, E. L. Davenport and Edwin Booth. Of the half dozen, two made overwhelming impressions in the role—Kean and Salvini—that is, they were accounted genuinely great in the part and their acting of it proved the climax of their careers.

"Forrest's *Othello* was memorable, too, but mainly for brute force, there being little imagination or subtlety in his performance. Booth's *Othello*, while possessing many undoubted merits, was outranked by his *Hamlet*. Critical opinion of the day was that Booth's portrayal was uneven, parts of it reaching great tragic heights, but other parts falling short of the accepted ideal. The same criticism was made of E. L. Davenport's *Othello* and, curiously enough, it was where Booth was worst that Davenport was accounted best, and vice versa.

"But in the matter of Kean and Salvini there appear to have been no dissenting opinions. Their portrayals, while entirely different in conception, were called truly great and were the outstanding tragic performances of their times. Kean's undoubtedly was more the *Othello* that Shakespeare drew than Salvini's was. This was to be expected, because Kean was an Englishman and steeped in Shakespearean tradition. Salvini put into the role much that was his own, but so splendid was his vitality and so magnificent his genius that simply as a theatrical performance it perhaps has never been equalled on the tragic stage."

Thurston Shows New Illusion at a Party

At the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thurston at Whitestone Landing, L. I., last Wednesday night nearly two hundred stage celebrities attended a lawn party, supper and dance and enjoyed an impromptu entertainment in which a dozen headliners participated.

Horace Golden, C. S. Maurice and Harrison Jansen performed some amazing feats, and Ed. Gallagher, Betsy Lane Shepard, Jane Green, Sam Ash, Pearl Green, Laura Hoffman, Ernest Ball, Pauline Hartchitt and Pearl Regay sang and danced.

Mr. Thurston added to the festivities by giving the first showing of his new bit of magic, "The Mysterious Fountain." It was displayed in the center of a huge flower bed. In this illusion a fairy appears and executes a series of classic poses to music high in the air, apparently entirely supported by thin sprays of water, while colored lights play upon her. On this occasion the magician's little daughter, Jane, impersonated the fairy.

CALENDAR OF THE NEW PLAYS.

MONDAY.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATER—The Messrs. Shubert, in association with Louis Evan Shipman, will present "Fools Errant," an original play by Mr. Shipman, with a special cast, including Cyril Keightley, Miss Alexandra Carlisle, Miss Lucile Watson, Vincent Serrano, Fritz Williams and Robert Cummings. B. Iden Payne staged it, under the supervision of the author.

TUESDAY.

PLYMOUTH THEATER—Arthur Hopkins will present Don Marquis' play, "The Old Soak," based on that author's humorous column character in THE SUN. Harry Beresford plays the title role in this comedy. Others in the cast are Miss Minnie Dupree, Miss Eva Williams, Miss Helene Sinnott, Miss Mary Phillips, Robert McWade, George Le Guere, Robert E. O'Connor and Grant Mills. The settings are by Cleon Throckmorton.

APOLLO THEATER—Frank Tinney, under the management of Arthur Hammerstein, will make his first New York appearance after an absence of two years in a so-called musigirl comedy, entitled "Daffy Dill." Book by Guy Bolton and Oscar Hammerstein 2d, score by Herbert Stothart, lyrics by Mr. Hammerstein. Julian Mitchell staged the production. In the cast are Miss Georgia O'Ramey, Miss Marion Sunshine, Harry Mayo and Miss Irene Olsen.

WEDNESDAY.

ELTINGE THEATER—A. H. Woods will present "Lonely Wives," a farce in three acts, adapted for the American stage by Walter De Leon and Mark Swan. Charles Ruggles is featured. Others in the cast are Miss Wanda Lyon, Miss Ruth Terry, Miss Edna Hibbard, Miss Marion Ballou, Roy Purviance, Spencer Charters, Miss Eleanor Williams and Miss Mary Robinson.

THURSDAY.

LITTLE THEATER—John Golden will present Miss Marie Tempest to the New York public after an absence of six years in Arthur Richman's new play, "A Serpent's Tooth." In the cast are W. Graham Browne, her leading man, to whom Miss Tempest was married in the Orient; Leslie Howard, Miss Blyth Daly, Miss Anne Sutherland, Robert Lowe, Miss Josephine Williams and Harold Freeman.

Big Fortunes for Many in the Play of 'Monte Cristo'

James O'Neill and William F. Connor Among Those Enriched by Play.

Strange is the history of "Monte Cristo," originally the story by Alexandre Dumas, then a play acted by Lester Wallack, E. L. Davenport and James O'Neill and now in its third form in a Fox photo drama.

There are few people now living in New York who link the preceding generation with the present through their intimate personal connection with this celebrated drama. The only surviving member of the original cast of James O'Neill's production of 1883 is Forrest Robinson, well known character actor, living at the Lambs Club. He played the juvenile role, *Albert de Morcerf*, in the O'Neill production at Booth's Theater, February 10, 1883.

"Good lord!" exclaimed Mr. Robinson last week. "Don't try to tell me I am the only surviving member of that cast which appeared with dear old Jim O'Neill. Why, there must be any number of young fellows still running around who acted on that occasion. William Seymour, for instance, now one of our veteran stage directors, was there the first night, and I distinctly remember that he rang the curtain up and down, even though he did not act a part. There must be many others, and although I was a youngster at the time I remember it perfectly. It was a great night, but don't remind me that I seem to be the only survivor. It makes me seem old when, as a matter of fact, I never felt younger or better in my life. If you don't believe me I'll take you out to play golf and prove it."

William F. Connor, who made a fortune as the manager of James O'Neill for nearly twenty-five years, was found in his office in the Globe Theater Building. He has retired from active theatrical management, but retains his office because of his lifelong friendship with Charles Dillingham. He is now very wealthy, most of his money having been made out of "Monte Cristo," and at the time of the interview Mr. Connor was busy with an architect, discussing the plans for the erection of a new million dollar apartment house.

Made His Fortune Also.

"Yes," said he, reminiscently, "I have to thank my dear departed friend James O'Neill for most of the good fortune that came into my life. It was in 1889 that Mr. O'Neill asked me to become his manager. He had played 'Monte Cristo' for six years and his former manager had died. I undertook the direction of his tour and remained with him for twenty-two years. In that time the success of 'Monte Cristo' was phenomenal. Time and again Mr. O'Neill tried to break away from it, for he believed the public might grow tired of it, but each time his new play failed and we had to revive 'Monte Cristo.'

"In 1890 or 1891," continued Mr. Connor, "I was in Toronto with Mr. O'Neill. A nice young newspaper man, who was evidently new to the game, walked into the old Princess Theater and I found that he was looking for a job. He had come to Toronto as the advance agent of a musical comedy which failed. I put him to work at the princely salary of $50 a week—a big salary in those days. He became the publicity and advance agent for James O'Neill in 'Monte Cristo' and made such a hit that we kept him with us until his boundless ambition led him to break away and produce plays on his own account.

"That young man was George C. Tyler, afterward producer of some of the greatest plays on the American stage. Later on, in 1901, I became Mr. Tyler's partner in several productions, but we are both glad to remember that each of us practically started our careers with dear old Jim O'Neill and that wonderful play 'Monte Cristo,' which made me a fortune and I know that Jim O'Neill died a rich man. I once tried to figure up how many times he had played it and I figured that O'Neill acted 'Monte Cristo' 5,871 times and that the receipts were more than $10,000,000. Of course the play was done hundreds of times before that by Lester Wallack and E. L. Davenport, but it never obtained tremendous success until James O'Neill acted it."

Mr. Tyler's Reminiscences.

Mr. Tyler, formerly the producing head of Leibler & Co. and now one of America's foremost managers, was found in his office in the New Amsterdam Theater Building.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Tyler, with a smile, "I began my career as advance agent of James O'Neill in 'Monte Cristo' and I am proud of it. I had been working on a newspaper in Chillicothe, my home town, and I wanted to break into the theatrical business, so I came to New York looking for a job. The first engagement I really had was as advance agent for a musical comedy, but that was only for a few weeks and I was left high and dry in Toronto.

"I applied to Mr. Connor for an engagement and he took me back to meet Mr. O'Neill, and right away I was engaged. That was the turning point of my life. I stayed with Mr. O'Neill five years and then broke into the business for myself. The very next season I produced 'The Christian,' a success which speaks for itself, and from that time on I was an independent producing manager.

"In 1901 I went into partnership with Mr. Connor and Mr. O'Neill for a mammoth spectacular revival of 'Monte Cristo.' We produced it first in Boston and then brought it to the Academy of Music here. I loved the play and I loved James O'Neill. I could tell you thousands of stories about him, but I don't suppose you have the space to print them. Some day I am going to write my memoirs and then I can tell a lot of interesting facts about 'Monte Cristo,' which certainly broke all records wherever it was played.

"With the wonderful development of motion pictures I can realise that William Fox has probably accomplished on a tremendous scale what we tried to do with the limited facilities of painted scenery and calcium lights. Our great scene, of course, showed *Edmund Dantes* rising from the ocean after his escape from prison and climbing upon a rocky island to announce 'The world is mine!' Have you got that in the picture?"

The interviewer assured Mr. Tyler that this scene had been faithfully reproduced by Mr. Fox upon the rocky coast of California.

"Well," said Mr. Tyler, "if you have that scene in and the line 'The world is mine,' you have a sure fire hit. Those four words, more than anything else, helped to put over 'Monte Cristo.'"